

Home Mission Echoes

"The country for which I lifted up mine hand to give it to your fathers."

Vol. III.

DECEMBER, 1899.

No. 12.

BELLS ACROSS THE SNOW.

O Christmas! Merry Christmas!

Is it really come again,
With its memories and greetings,
With its joy and with its pain?
There's a minor in the carol,
And a shadow in the light,
And a spray of cypress twining
With the holly wreath to-night;
And the hush is never broken
By laughter light and low,
As we listen in the starlight
To the "bells across the snow."

O Christmas! Merry Christmas!

'Tis not so very long
Since other voices blended
With the carol and the song!
If we could but hear them singing
As they are singing now;

If we could but see the radiance
Of the crown on each dear brow
There would be no sigh to smother,
No hidden tear to flow,
As we listen in the starlight
To the "bells across the snow."

O Christmas! Merry Christmas!

This never more can be;
We cannot bring again the days
Of our unshadowed glee;
But Christmas, happy Christmas,
Sweet herald of good-will,
With holy songs of glory
Brings holy gladness still.
For peace and hope may brighten
And patient love may glow,
As we listen in the starlight
To the "bells across the snow."

510 * Tremont * Temple
Boston

"Topics of the Year."

The Outlook.	JANUARY.
Alaska.	FEBRUARY.
Negroes.	MARCH.
Foreign Missions in America.	APRIL.
Ways of Giving.	MAY.
Anniversary Notes.	JUNE.
Indians.	JULY.
Our Literature.	AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER.
Mormons.	OCTOBER.
Mexico.	NOVEMBER.
China.	DECEMBER.

HOME MISSION ECHOES.

This paper is published monthly under the auspices jointly of the American Baptist Home Mission Society and the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society, and represents in a concise manner the interests of both organizations. It aims to make a cheap, popular Home Mission periodical, attractive in its mechanical features, interesting to old and young in its varied contents, with numerous illustrations during the year. Mrs. M. C. Reynolds is the general editor, and Mrs. Jas. McWhinnie, assistant editor. Rev. H. L. Morehouse, D. D., has charge of the Home Mission Society's Department, and Mrs. Anna Sargent Hunt charge of the Department for "Our Young People."

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Home Mission Echoes

"Our Echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever."—*Tennyson.*

Vol. III.

DECEMBER, 1899.

No. 12.

The Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society.

Chinese in New England.

WE do not believe that many of our readers realize how many Chinese we have in New England. The sight of the peculiar costumes of these almond-eyed individuals impress us strangely as we see them quietly enter the street or steam railways, although they have been in our midst for many years.

There are about three thousand Chinamen in and about Boston, whose names and addresses are on record, and not far from ten thousand in New England. They are mostly young men, without families, and away from their homes. They are, as a rule, industrious, frugal, orderly, intelligent, and eager to learn. They are sensitive to kindness, and well disposed toward Christianity. Probably no other class of the foreign born, not already Christian, are more easily brought under gospel influences than they. For years various churches in several of our cities have maintained successful Chinese departments in connection with the Sunday schools; but, at the same time, it is found that certain phases of work are best conducted under interdenominational auspices.

THE NEW ENGLAND CHINESE MISSION

has accordingly been organized. A number of prominent Christian gentlemen, in Boston and its vicinity, have combined to look after the Chinese work throughout New England. A large general committee has been chosen, containing representatives of five different denominations. An executive committee has also been chosen to act for the general committee.

"The Chinese Home and School" is at 18 Oxford Street, Boston, and is an institution combining, as its name indicates, two distinct features. It offers a home to Christian Chinamen, and a number of such Chinamen who desire to live apart from the influences of idolatry and irreligion here rent rooms and live together. Religious and educational services are also held in the building through the week.

"The Star in the East Mission" is at 20 Oxford Street, and is so located that an overflow of pupils in one build-

ing can easily pass into the other, while there are reasons for the present for keeping the two missions under separate superintendents. Services Sunday evening are held in this mission, and Sunday schools Sunday afternoon and evening for such Chinamen as wish to attend. The Chinese in New England have largely increased during the past few years. Eighteen women are in Boston—all married women, some of them with bound feet. These women are kept secluded, as it is the custom in China, for all pure women to keep indoors. There are many abandoned white women in China-town, who live with Chinamen as wives, who lure them to their ruin, instead of lifting them heavenward. We commend the Chinese in New England, with those in North America, to the prayers and sympathies of our Baptist women.

While treading the narrow, filthy streets of China-town, in many cities on the Pacific coast, conscious of the system of slavery which is carried on among the Chinese, as they buy and sell little girls, many of them as sweet and lovable as our own petted darlings, there came to me the words of the Master: "I was a stranger, and ye took Me not in; naked, and ye clothed Me not; sick, and in prison, and ye visited Me not." These Chinese have been sent to our doors. Shall we pass them by without even the Bread of Life?

MRS. ELIZABETH S. MCCOY died at Bradford Springs, N. H., October 11th, aged twenty years, two months. Mrs. McCoy was a charter member of the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society. At the time of organization she resided in South Boston. She loved the work, and was an earnest and efficient worker; a woman of excellent judgment, a wise adviser. She was a member of the Board the first years of the Society's existence, rarely absent from the meetings, and only left the Board on account of her removal to New Hampshire. Our sympathies go out to her husband. She leaves a grandson, of whom she was very fond.

WILL all our readers remember that this is the closing month of the year? And all those in arrears pay their subscription promptly for *HOME MISSION ECHOES*? Now is the time to form new clubs. Talk up the paper. If any are too poor to give, they can secure a new subscriber. Sample copies can be had by sending to Mrs. James McWhinnie, 510 Tremont Temple, Boston.

THE annual Alaskan letter has been sent to every Sunday school superintendent in New England. Now, will our Home Mission workers, in the various churches, ask their superintendent, if he has received the letter, and if he will give it immediate attention?

Up to November 1st \$1,335 had been received for the Alaskan Mission, leaving \$3,666 to be raised before April 1st, 1900. This amount can be raised only by *personal* work in our circles and Sunday schools. Will you see what you can do to secure a gift from your school?

We have twenty-nine boys and girls in the home, and others have been refused admission, because our receipts are not equal to the present expenditures. We are responsible for the temporal and spiritual welfare of the twenty-nine under our care. Our teachers are our representatives, doing our Master's work. Will you not encourage their hearts by your gifts and prayers, and lighten the care and anxiety of your Board by sending money to our treasury for the support of this branch of the work? Remember that the money must be designated for Alaska.

We are convinced that one reason, for so large a falling off in the contributing schools last year, was a failure on the part of the sender to specify that the gift was for Alaska. Many persons during the year have expressed surprise that their Sunday school was not found among the number sending gifts. A careful investigation has proved that the gift came undesignated, and so went to the general account. Please impress upon your superintendent or treasurer that our treasurer can only place to the Alaska account what is thus marked. *Help us to raise \$3,666 before April, 1900.* MRS. JAMES McWHINNIE.

DO not forget the Alaska calendar. It will make a nice Christmas gift for Sunday school teachers and scholars, and the sale of it will help the Alaska Mission.

MRS. JAMES McWHINNIE.

WE have received the following item from Mr. McCormick, the missionary of the American Baptist Home Mission Society at San Juan, Porto Rico, concerning our missionary, Mrs. Duggan: "Mrs. Duggan reached here safely after a pleasant trip. We were too ill to meet her, but she came out the day after getting ashore, and has been with us since. She seems to be in perfect health, and enjoys getting back to work in Spanish America. She expects to leave overland for Ponce in a day or two. On all sides I have been congratulated upon having such an addition to our mission force."

Living Bread.

THE heavenly life must have heavenly food; nothing less than Jesus Himself is the bread of life: "He that eateth Me shall live by Me."—*Andrew Murray.*

We must have life from and in Christ, or we lack life. We must feed on Christ daily, or we famish. This is the truth of truths in the gospel.—*H. Clay Trumbull, D. D.*

"BETHLEHEM" signifies "the house of bread." When the Babe was born and laid in the manger, then the store was found for the world of famishing souls.—*Charles S. Robinson, D. D.*

Sacramento, California.

OUR vacation in the lovely mountains of Idaho was called to a close by the Emmanuel Baptist church of this city. We left Idaho the last of September, and, with renewed energy for the work of the Master, we began with this church to labor in this city. Of course the first one in mind and heart to search out was Miss Willsie, and we soon learned that she was a member of our church. On the first entrance to the church on Sunday morning we found her ready to greet us, for she had read in the Echoes of our departure from Provo, Utah, and although we were from Idaho, she had felt sure we were the same workers she had known, through the ECHOES, so long in Mormondom.

I cannot describe the thrill of joy I felt at clasping hands



DON YIP

with this consecrated worker. We were no strangers, but related, undeniably, through our mutual friend, the Boston Board. As soon as possible I went to visit her at her mission work to the Chinese, and found even more of interest than I had anticipated. Even though some of the most dire heathen members of her class were kept away to worship Joss, this being an annual exhibition of their religion, there was a goodly number present, and we found enough to do to fill out a good evening's work with them.

It was a source of great pleasure to me to see the element of gratitude always shining out as we saw Miss Willsie helping them over the hard places, for I have worked so long where that element is lacking, that I had almost forgotten its existence on the mission field; and as I saw the nicely papered room and tidy manner with which the boys had improved and renovated their school-room since you were there last year, I realized how Miss Willsie could rejoice in her work as she does. And then to see those Christian Chinese boys, and know their love for their teacher

and for you, and for the Board who has done so much for them, and hear them sing and pray with hearts in tune with divine love, filled my heart with praise to the dear Redeemer for His love to the children of men.

One of the pupils, in whom you have been deeply interested a long time, has been back to China for ten months, and last evening he returned to the city, and just as Miss Wilsie was struggling with a little fellow on the word "grasshopper,"—he was determined to call it "glasshep,"—our attention was called to the door by a voice which said, "Can I come into this mission?" and as all faces were turned toward the door there was a sensation throughout the room, and the "Oh's" and "Ah's" and "E's" told me plainly that the one at the door was a favorite among them. Miss Wilsie hastened to shake hands with the newcomer, who was none other than Don Yip, with satchel in hand, direct from the boat; for he must come to the mission even before he went to his home. Every one was glad to see him, and the boy I had been teaching, whom the teachers had become quite discouraged over, because of his persistence in his heathenism, whispered to me and said, "He is Don Yip. He is splendid fellow. He is good Clistian, too." When I told Miss Wilsie of this, she felt very glad that Yum would admit so much. Don Yip is a member of our church.

Miss Wilsie introduced us as friends of Mrs. Reynolds, and they were all delighted to welcome us, and we promised to come again. After the teaching was over we went about China-town to see the strange worship of Joss. The very unmusical sounds from the drum and rude stringed instruments, and the clashing of harsh cymbals, came to us from the band-stand built for the occasion, and we decided that it was enough to drive the evil spirits from this part of the city, if they had any ear for music. But the Chinese were gathered from all parts to join in the worship, and perhaps to-day they feel that they are better off, even though they used as much opium and did as much other sin as usual.

Their streets were lighted brilliantly with bright-colored lanterns, and we walked about with no fear of harm; yet a feeling of strange depression filled our hearts that such real heathenism and such depravity was so near us, and so aggressive in enlightened America.

MARY M. ANDREWS.

The Mormon Plot.

THE election of B. H. Roberts to Congress is a part of the Mormon plot.

The conspirators in this plot are the leaders of the Mormon church.

Why do these conspirators want B. H. Roberts in Congress?

First: Because he is a polygamist who "lives his religion."

Second: Because he is obedient to the commands of the Mormon church.

Third: Because the leaders of the Mormon church feel that they are now politically strong enough to successfully challenge the moral sentiment of the United States.



THE sixteenth day of our October corresponds with the ninth of the Chinese's September. This is said to be the birthday of their idol, Wo Koung, who has power over the fire. Therefore, all China-town is brilliant with illuminated Chinese lanterns. The newly enclosed platform has been erected in an open space to accommodate the so-called musicians, and from early evening until the small hours of the morning, throngs of men and boys crowd around the place, while the women and children collect on the roofs and nearest windows drinking in what is to them lovely music.

One person was heard to remark, as we were one time going down the street, "This is music in the sinners' ears."

All except the Christians are joining in this worship with enthusiasm. They must, if not (one man told me) the idol would be mad and burn his house. I shook my head; he replied: "He very smart." I said, "I think your idol must be very old now." "No, just eighteen." "What worship this idol just eighteen years?" "Oh, no, this idol long time ago say he no likey be old, so he at time eighteen, no more." Soon after I had entered the mission, the first evening of the demonstration, one of our young boys came in, and as we could hear the fire-crackers and the report of the big booms, I said, "Why, Fong, soon what is going on in China-town?" "Oh, teacher, China man heap foolish." I said within my heart: "Thank God for the effects of the mission teaching upon the heart of this young boy." During the days of worship the devotion will be great, especially among the women, for they have had fires very near them, and a great deal of sickness and many deaths among the young as well as old during the summer. The peace of their idols must be gained, so the prosperity and happiness will again be restored.

Our mission room has been thoroughly renovated, papered, and painted.

Only one week's vacation during the summer. The attendance and interest at the close of June seemed to be such that it would not do to dismiss. The regular teacher remained two weeks during July, then took for vacation, while faithful Mrs. Nelson remained with the boys, not merely holding them in school, but inspiring them to greater earnestness. The first month of our present year we had fifteen in attendance. The second month twenty-four, but since Woo Guong's birthday, ten and twelve. We feel that two of these will soon put on Christ by baptism. We are hoping to have Lee To with us soon to lead our boys in a short course of Bible readings.

Hoping this to seal much that has been taught and bring many of these to a final decision.

ELIZA WILLSIE.

"WOMEN who dress better from year to year, who live more comfortably, and allow themselves more expensive summer outings, ought to give more. Many a contribution has remained the same for twenty years."

One Evening at the Mission.

By Floy L. Crosby.



HE surroundings presented a curious aspect to the Eastern girl. The room was long and low; its walls and woodwork were very dark, and the only things that relieved their bareness were a few illuminated texts, and the grotesquely distorted shadows of human heads. Across the room extended a long table on which were several lamps and a number of school books, and around which were gathered a dozen or more sober-faced Chinamen, intent upon their evening lessons.

Outside the wild autumn wind whistled around the old mission building, rattled the open shutters, and, catching trailing sprays of passion vine, tossed them against the lighted windows, as if to divert the attention of the little group within.

But the work of the evening went steadily on. One by one the pupils brought their books to the sweet-faced little lady at one end of the table and recited their lessons, while the others continued studying, the most of them, after the fashion of their country, aloud. The girl who had been visiting the teacher of the mission school, leaned back in her chair and let her eyes wander over the group, and listened to the confused murmur of voices. Some of the pupils were young—scarcely grown—while others, with brown, wrinkled visages, had evidently borne the burden of years till its weight was sapping their strength, yet all seemed intent upon learning, and studied with a patient perseverance which went far toward overcoming any natural slowness. Some of them were slowly groping their way through the short words and sentences of time-worn first readers, while others were reading more advanced books, and a few were studying Bibles or histories.

It was a picture not easily forgotten; the yellow faces, the loose Chinese garments, the long queues, the work-hardened hands that slowly turned the leaves, and the ghostly silhouettes on the wall.

The girl fell to wondering if the long years of faithful toil, which the little lady had spent here, had resulted in much good; the pupils seemed so ignorant and so incapable of sublime or holy thoughts. A boy near her was reading in a strong, musical voice, and the words came to her clearly: "To-day if ye will hear His voice, harden not your heart." Perhaps, after all, this sin-stained race had God-given souls that could be touched by divine love.

The little lady looked up from the copy she was writing for a gray-haired man, and said softly to the girl, "Will you help Quan Lee a little? He is studying the Sunday-school lesson, and cannot understand much of it alone."

Taking up a Bible, the girl sought the pupil indicated. He sat alone at the end of the table poring over a soiled lesson quarterly, while with one bony hand he shielded his eyes from the light. When she spoke, he looked up quickly, but in answer to her question concerning the lesson, he shook his head and said, "I no sabee."

Her feeling of half-scornful pity gave place to genuine

sympathy when she saw his face; the sunken cheeks and brilliant eyes told all too plainly of consumption, and the girl forgot all else but the desire to feed a hungry soul, as she opened the Bible at the fifth chapter of Luke.

Slowly and haltingly Quan Lee read of the paralytic who was brought to Jesus, and the girl patiently explained the story in such simple language as she thought he could comprehend. He seemed to understand it all until he read the words, "And immediately he rose up before them—" Here he stopped and, looking up, asked: "Did Jesus make him well, allee light?"

"Yes," answered the girl.

A look of intense interest overspread his thin face as he questioned eagerly:

"When, next week?"

"No, right away," she answered.

He did not seem to comprehend; he looked at the book and slowly read the words again, then asked: "Jesus make him well, when—to-morrow?"

"No," she said. "Jesus said, 'stand up,' and the man was all well, right off."

The puzzled look left Quan Lee's face as he listened to her words; he leaned forward breathlessly and clasped his thin fingers together, while the light of divine truth illuminated his homely face.

"Oh," he said, as if speaking to himself, "Jesus say stand up, allee well, light off, light off."

The evening's work was finished, and there was a flutter of closing books. Quan Lee seemed scarcely-conscious of what was going on; he was trying to grasp the thought of God's omnipotence, and, as he rose with the others for the closing song, he repeated softly, "Allee well, light off."

Together in broken English the school sang a hymn, then followed the Lord's prayer in Chinese, and the school was dismissed. After all the pupils had disappeared into the darkness, the girl told the little lady of the Sunday-school lesson, and she replied, "Quan Lee has long tried to grasp the truths of Christianity, but the thought of infinite power was so new to him that it seemed hard to comprehend. Let us pray that God may reveal himself clearly."

The next night was rainy and only a few of the pupils ventured out through the storm, and Quan Lee was not among them.

Then the girl went away.

A few months later, in her Eastern home, the girl read a letter which contained this paragraph:

"Do you remember Quan Lee? He went home on Christmas Day. He died, as a Christian ought to die, triumphantly, and with unfaltering faith in Jesus's power to save."

"It must be," she mused, reverently, "that Christ can cure a sin-stained soul as well as a diseased body, and Quan Lee is 'all well' now."

York, Neb.

THE Mormons send out one missionary to about every hundred of their membership, an example to the Christian church. To our reproach, the representatives of ignorance, superstition, and impurity send out more missionaries than the church of Jesus Christ.—*United Presbyterian*.

A Great Day in China-town.



PERHAPS all of the King's Messengers do not know that a little piece of China has dropped down into the centre of Boston, and that five minutes' walk from the Common will take you into a little world where the streets are lined with stores having strange signs in Chinese characters over their doors, and where most of the passers by are odd-looking gentlemen, in loose blue garments, with long queues tucked away beneath their broad felt hats.

But even more different than is China-town from Boston on an ordinary day, when the Chinamen are slipping noiselessly up and down their streets, or lazily smoking their long-stemmed pipes on each other's doorsteps, is China-town on a gala day. Then the Chinese from all parts of Boston and all the near towns congregate in China-town, till, as you look out, were it not for the tall buildings and electric cars, you might easily fancy yourself in Canton.

Perhaps you would be interested to hear about one of the strange heathen funerals which make such a gala-day. The dead man, Moy Hop, held a high office in the great secret society to which almost all of the Chinese in this country belong, and so his body was given a very elaborate and expensive burial by his friends.

The hour set for the funeral was eleven o'clock in the morning. About ten the body was brought from the American undertaker's in a black casket, which was set out on the street in front of the building where the society to which he belonged has its headquarters. On the coffin flowers, real and artificial, were laid until it was quite covered; suspended from curved rods; at the head, were two white doves, which symbolized the dead man's spirit. When these decorations were in place two large tables were set in front of the coffin. On the first were offerings to the gods, of flowers, fruit, and all kinds of cakes, while joss-sticks and Chinese incense were burned through the whole ceremony; on the second table were a dead goat, three roast pigs, and several roasted chickens, as offerings by which the favor of the gods might be won for the dead man's spirit in the other world. When all these had been arranged, the ceremony began. First the officers of the society, in loose robes of many colors, with bright red head-dresses, came out and took up their places around the casket. They carried banners, the characters on them giving the dead man's descent, his official position, and other facts of interest about him. With many bowings and kneelings and wild gestures they offered prayers over the casket and the sacrifices. Then the members of the society, in groups of ten or twelve, in still different costumes, came out and went through still other performances. One company of these dressed all in white, with their queues trailing on the ground, made a strange picture in black and white.

During all of this the Chinese band kept up a deafening noise with their shrill fifes, deep drums, and clashing cymbals, that sound like nothing so much as enormous tin pans, pounded with no reference to time or tune. An American band had been hired, which now and then relieved the Chinese musicians, — and as well; but this addition was not entirely approved, for one of our Chinese boys said to me, as they played, "Melican band no good; you bet Chinese music heap better."

After two hours of this noise and circus-acting, suddenly, in through the mass of people there dashed from a side alley a long line of mounted horsemen, for in this strange, funeral circus the parade came last. The men on the horses wore costumes borrowed from the Chinese theatre, and the gaily embroidered and bejewelled silks and satins flashed a

hundred dazzling colors. Strangest of all were their fantastic head-dresses, from which waved gay feathers, yards in length. The horses reared and plunged, the bands, American and Chinese, played their loudest, the men on foot were pushing and shouting, as they forced in line, carrying flags and banners high over their heads, and the great mass of people, American and Chinese, were crowding in on all sides, as the casket was now placed in the hearse, which, followed by over fifty carriages, then fell into line, quite the least conspicuous part of the gay procession that carried the poor man to rest at last. If,



CHINESE GIRL, IN SACRAMENTO, CAL.

among all these people there were any who truly mourned for the dead man, I do not know; but perhaps, now, when all this is over, in China some poor mother has heard the sad news, and quietly mourns alone for her son.

As the last carriage turned the corner, I left the window where I had been sitting, and went back to my home at the Chinese Mission, thinking of another burial long ago, in the little town of Bethany. And don't you believe, dear King's Messengers, that I was very glad, that afternoon, to explain to our boys the dear Lord's words, "I am the resurrection and the life," — the words which brought such comfort to Mary and Martha first, and ever since to all those who know the sweet story of God's Son? And doesn't the thought of such a sad, vain show as this over a poor, dead body, make you long to carry the King's message of life to the Chinese people here, and the still many more in China? — *Cornelia Bonnell, in King's Messenger.*



American Baptist Home Mission Society.

Home Mission News and Notes.



EVER before have the great Home Mission schools begun their year more auspiciously than now. At Richmond Theological Seminary and Wayland College (lately removed from Washington) have occupied the splendid new buildings provided for them, and have already enrolled a larger number of students than were enrolled last year, and this notwithstanding the fact that no girls are admitted to Wayland this year. Thus far only two of the buildings have been completed—Kingsley Hall, the dormitory, and Pickford Hall, where lectures are to be given. The dining-hall, library, and chapel, boiler-house, and two residences are being pushed rapidly forward with the expectation that they will be completed by January 1st. Plans are being matured for a grand jubilee at the dedication.

Rev. H. L. Morehouse is expected home, from his long trip, this week. During his long absence the editor has tried to provide material for the Home Mission department. We expect next month to have vigorous articles from the pen of Dr. Morehouse.

President Meserve reports the best opening for Shaw University, at Raleigh, N. C., it has ever had. A larger number of students, with better preparation and larger resources for self-help, have presented themselves for admission. Important and valuable changes have been made in the school-rooms, and plans have been matured for opening night schools.

Benedict College, at Columbia, S. C., is full to overflowing. They greatly need another building, and it is hoped that means will be secured for its erection at an early day. The College has a beautiful campus, has no debts, and has now an endowment fund of about \$120,000. It is perhaps as well equipped as any school in the State of South Carolina, and enjoys the confidence of both white and colored people.

Both of the great schools at Atlanta—the College for Boys and Spelman Seminary for Girls—report a largely increased enrollment and a higher average of preparation on the part of the students. Already the College is asking for additional room for the accommodation of students. Through the liberality of a friend, valuable additions have

been made to the campus of Spelman seminary, and some important improvements are in contemplation.

Rev. P. B. Guernsey, the newly elected president of Roger Williams University, at Nashville, Tenn., has entered upon his duties full of hope and encouragement. He was greeted by an unusually large number of students at the beginning of the year.

The one exception to the good news from the schools comes from Jackson, Tenn., where the College has thus far been unable to begin its sessions owing to the unfortunate prevalence of yellow fever.

READERS of our paper wishing any of the following leaflets, or any other of the publications of the American Baptist Home Mission Society, will obtain them by sending to Rev. F. T. Hazlewood, D. D., District Secretary of the Society, room 515, Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass. No charge is made for the leaflets, but do not forget to send postage.

- (1) The Manifold Work of the Society, by Dr. H. L. Morehouse, in which is given a very comprehensive sketch of all the Society's varied activities.
- (2) The African in America, by the Corresponding Secretary, which discusses quite fully the status of the vast negro population in this country, outlining the work that has been attempted for them, since the war, by the Society.
- (3) An Historical and Descriptive Sketch (a) of Cuba and (b) of Porto Rico, prepared by Dr. Morehouse.
- (4) Our Work Among the Kiowas, by Dr. N. B. Raifden.
- (5) A Catechism on Mormonism, by Dr. Dwight Spencer.
- (6) Chapel Building in the West, by the late Dr. H. C. Woods.
- (7) Negro Education and the Home Mission Schools, by the Corresponding Secretary.
- (8) The Home Mission Society, What it is, What it has done, What it needs, and How to help it.
- (9) A Catechism on Wills, by the Corresponding Secretary.
- (10) A Condensation of the Annual Report, which gives in very brief compass the essential facts of the larger volume.

The Society also publishes various minor leaflets, to which it is constantly adding, from time to time, as occasion requires. These can be furnished gratuitously in any quantity desired.

Slavery in America.

"As he died to make men holy,
Let us die to make men free."

SO we often sing, and for this hundreds of our brave men laid down their lives. But do we realize that even to-day, in our own beautiful land, America, "the land of the free and the home of the brave," there is a slavery even more degrading and dreadful than that which flourished in our Southern States, and to abolish which, our boys in blue willingly sacrificed home, friends, and even lie itself, and our country was drenched in blood?

If you do not know, take a walk with me through the narrow streets of China-town, and see it as I saw it; for in this one city are something like fifteen hundred slave girls—girls who are bought and sold as so much merchandise. They have no voice in the matter, some of them being sold into slavery when they are children; others being kidnapped from their homes in China and smuggled into this country.

There are two kinds of slave girls; those who are mere children and are kept as little household drudges, and those who are older and are sold into the worst kind of a life; though even among this latter class we find those whom we should consider children, as they are often put into these dreadful places as young as fourteen or fifteen.

Look at them as they sit behind the small grated windows, of an evening, with costly dress and painted lips. They quickly draw the curtain as a stranger approaches, but you have not enough to make you sick at heart. See those sad faces looking out of an upper window, in the daytime, so hopelessly sad that they haunt you long after you have turned out the narrow alley. Despair seems written on some of them, and when we hear the not unusual news that one of the girls in China-town has been kicked to death, or that one of them has taken her own life, we realize that despair is in the heart.

One girl, after weeks of careful planning to escape, at last found herself in the street in company with another girl who held her tightly by the hand. What should she do? She saw one of the Christian workers from the mission a little way ahead of her; and, with a quick thought and a skilful movement, she put out her foot and tripped her companion, so that she fell, she herself was free. Running to the mission, she fell fainting into her arms. She was carried to the prison, and clasped tightly in her hand was a bottle of poison. "I would have taken it if I had not got away to-day," were her words.

Poor girls! shall we not remember them in our prayers; and as Christ has indeed died to make us holy, shall we not try to make them free, not only from the dreadful bondage of the body, but also from the bondage of sin, by giving them a knowledge of the Saviour, of whom they do not know?

Lynn, Mass.

ALICE T. BROCKWAY.

THE late Mrs. Fidelia D. East of Manlius, N. Y., who recently died, left \$1,000 to Spelman Seminary.

Spelman Seminary.



HE opened a month for another school year at Spelman Seminary has passed. The many strange faces of teachers and pupils are becoming familiar, though they number several hundred and more than any October since. Eight of our number are from South America. When school opened, two men were here from there, the one to give a daughter

for the year, the other to see Spelman and decide about bringing one. The two were so well pleased that they brought a party of seven others, and soon so others will come. What an opportunity! South America coming to Spelman!

Not only the number, but the grade and quality have advanced. Most of the girls who come are Christians, and have come "for the elevation of myself and for the elevation of my race, and, best of all, to learn more about our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ." The plan, practical teaching of the Bible has borne fruit, and many are here to become earnest students of the word. Of the few who were not Christians at the beginning, three have professed Christ, and others are seeking Him, so helpful have the meetings and teachings been.

Each department—cooking, dressmaking, laundry, printing, and nursing—a busy hive—is running on time, and training girls who will give the antidote for the poison in this world regarding physical labor.

The true Spelman girl is not above her calling, but labors with her hands, head, and heart. One of our girls had the care of a child during the summer vacation. This child had been given poisonous literature. She gave it the antidote—the "leaven in the meal"—the Bible; the family had some, and Spelman was honored. A second one was kitchen girl where poison in philosophy was—Christian Science. She returns to us knowing that the Bible is right in saying sin is a reality.

With the race revolution upon us, the strong hands and true hearts of the many girls trained at Spelman, may yet show to you who have sacrificed, given, and prayed for her, that much of your share in the victory has come through Spelman.

And if her daughters accept the urgent invitation to work in South America, in what better way can you hasten the coming of our Lord's kingdom here, than by faithful continuance in labors and gifts to Spelman, that she may have many wise daughters, pure, peaceable, gentle, easily entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy, for the open doors elsewhere?



RECENTLY I attended a Cherokee Association among the full-bloods. As we neared the place, the first evidence we had of the meeting was the covered wagons gathered in great numbers stationed among the trees. The horses and mules were feeding about; the men, women, and children stood about the camp, and the dogs were everywhere. You may think it is impertinent to mention the dogs, but they were at every meeting. We reached there quite early in the morning, before any service began. I noticed there was a deliberateness about those people that insures perfect contentment—that gives one a feeling of perfect rest.

I was amazed at the way in which the association was carried on. The chairman was Rev. Adam Lacey, a full-blood Cherokee, also a man of large spiritual power, and possessing great influence among his people. The proceedings of this meeting were necessarily very toilsome and slow. Everything was done at a disadvantage. Everything had to be translated from the English to the Cherokee. Every motion was thus a double motion; every report was a double one; every letter was read twice, so that a great deal of time was consumed in covering a small amount of work.

Do you suppose I looked upon all that as ridiculous? It did seem queer. But then we must remember several things,—that these people are not Anglo-Saxons, and yet they have received a remarkable training, being taught in the way in which they have. We must remember also that they were in the presence of Anglo-Saxons,—in the very presence of men who were despoilers of their homes, and of their nationality, and of everything they possessed. I do not wonder that they did not enter into it with the greatest amount of enthusiasm. There was a deep pathos that ran through it all. I was very much impressed with the religious life I saw there. As I listened to their prayers, their songs, their addresses, their exhortations, I felt the spirit of the occasion steal upon me, and I felt that those missionaries who planted the seeds of divine life among them had not labored in vain. There was before me a great company who was resting profoundly in faith and love on Jesus Christ. I felt it deeply, and I thank God I went there. I like to get experiences from a class of people different from myself. I want to get the feeling and the emotion that is awakened from expressions different from my own. I was very glad to be in that peculiar position.

I noticed another thing not peculiar to the Cherokees. There was a diffidence about giving themselves over to the service of the Lord. There came a time in that meeting to make a decision with respect to their mission work. A certain sum of money was to be raised. They were some \$25 behind on the salary of the missionary. Now these men were very bright men. Out under the trees the women were holding a meeting, under the leadership of Mrs. Murrow. The men passed a resolution that the women should be obliged to pay this, and it carried unanimously; and immediately one of the men went over to the women's

meeting and demanded the money at once. Now I suspect some of you who have had experience with white men, know of this same thing being done. It produced quite a commotion. Mrs. Murrow felt considerably disturbed, and those Indian women talked Cherokee around there pretty lively for a while. There was that same old desire to unload responsibility over on another person. These women had worked hard to get this money,—a penny here and a penny there, and those men thought it was easier to get that money from the women, than to go and make it themselves.

The door is open to the missionaries to go to these people, and there ought to be ten young men ready to go now into the tribe, and preach in the Cherokee language, as Mr. Jones did fifty years ago. He won them by hundreds, because he could speak their language. We hope to have some of our Indian University graduates learn the Indian language, and take up this important work.

I had a very interesting conversation a few days since with a full-blood Cherokee woman. In speaking of a school that was recently burned in Muskogee, he said: "I told those people I just believed that house was taken away, as a judgment sent by God, for changing the name of the school." A man by the name of Spaulding had a short time before given quite a large sum of money to it. The man for whom it was originally named had given his life to the Indians. She said: "We value that man's gift to us much more than we do a few paltry dollars given by Mr. Spaulding."

BACONE, I. T.

MINNIE M. PRATT.

The Unseen Shore

THE mists of death hang low upon life's sea,
The unseen shore
Beyond the darkness rises slowly
Forevermore;
The golden city flashes from the land,
But mortal eye sees not the distant land.
But there are voices in that unseen land
Which we have heard,
Of loved ones standing with hand in hand,
With smile and word
That kindled here our hearts with friendship's glow,
And breathed on us their music soft and low.
We knew them here, and with them wept and smiled;
Our life was one;
We met and parted, but each beguiled;
Their work was done;
And they are resting in the morning land,
And we are toiling with heart and hand.
Speed on, my bark, across the stormy sea, across!
Thine eye will rise;
And every pain of earth and earthly loss,
Thy strange surprise,
Shall vanish when the unseen shore shall greet
Thine eye and shalt touch the golden street.

—Anon.

Moses.

ECHO MISSIÖN, VELARDE, N. M.



FOUND him sitting in my schoolroom, a solitary little figure, and when I spoke to him in his own tongue, he, as did the little Moses in his bulrush cradle, "wept."

The grandfather of my little pupil was with him, and he explained to me that the little fellow was past six, the brightest of a family of six children, and he wanted to come and stay with his uncles, Juan and Jose Arellano, and go to school for three months. But he was eleven miles from his mother, with no prospect of seeing her for many weeks, and every one was strange. I let him sit and look at the happy faces, and I whispered to one of my earnest, ten-year-old girls that she was to look after him as "she thought best. (You see the children are always the best managers of these new, timid, little ones, and I always put the shy bits of humanity into their efficient hands.) In a little while her class was sent to the board to make pictures, illustrating a lesson, and I saw that Moses was given a long piece of crayon, though she used a short bit, an eraser was put into his hand, properly, and a space assigned to him, all of her own accord. A few strokes showed him how to draw a horse; she asked him what he would like to make, and he was soon happy and busy, and his grandfather nodded to me and noiselessly left the room. Yes, he was bright; a big, full head, great, thoughtful, brown eyes, and a sturdy little figure, testified to his mental and physical endowments.

But he was far from home, and, while he was being taught all the wisdom of the Americans, he did not forget his own people. The tears were always close to the surface, and every day he had to relieve the sore, lonely heart by having a cry. "Let me read first, teacher," he would enthusiastically say, and he would begin, only to look into the children's faces and end in sobs. My little helper grew sober over her charge, and I knew not how to solace him. Picture cards, many new things were enjoyed, but when I asked him if he liked the school, now, he said, "No, maestra." The weeks passed, and the face grew a little longer and sadder. His uncle Juan put him to bed one night and went out to see a friend, but Moses came and put himself in my care, and went to sleep with Miner, on the big black rug. Three days before the close of school, I said, "Moses must like the school before he goes home. What

can I do?" The very next day Mr. Rishel was unable to speak aloud, and so the assistant and I took charge of the entire school. "Corazon, oh, Corazon, be pretty bossy, you can help me out, now," I said, for Moses always led her to water.

I had a quiet little talk with Mr. Rishel, and went to school hopeful. After the morning Bible study and singing, I said to Moses's class, there were nine of them, "Put on your bonnets and hats, take this little ball of pebbles, and go over to Mr. Rishel, and do as he tells you."

Away they went, dancing, laughing, hopping across the long schoolyard. An hour later they returned, quiet, radiant, walking across the yard as victors might walk, who carried great honors with dignity, and Moses lead them!

They settled to their work and I hurried through the

class I was teaching to get to them. "What do you do, Elena, for Mr. Rishel?" I asked my thoughtful little girl. "Oh, maestra, we went out to see Corazon, and," I led her to water," put in Moses, jumping to his feet, and waving his chubby hand. Elena smiled, indulgently, and went on, "and we made corrals of pebbles, and in each corral put a calf made of frijoles (beans) and had doves sitting on the horns of each calf." "Yes, maestra," put in Moses. "Doves," I commented mentally, "what did they have for doves?" I found on reaching home that Mr. Rishel had dropped corn to show them how they do not know, and they at once suggested putting a grain on each horn of each calf, and also on the corral fence, for doves. (They have many doves.) Maestra, I named my calf "Corazon," said Moses, and then he came to me, and whispered to me no one but I could hear, "Maestra, I have fifty cows and five little cows," (heifers). "Where, Moses?" "On my ranch," he said, proudly. It was all imagination, I knew. When the class went to their seats, I stopped to tie his disordered necktie, and whispered, "Do you like the school, now Moses?" and he looked me full in the eyes and said in pretty Spanish, "Yes, teacher mine, much." There were no more tears, and he is coming again this year.

ELIZABETH K. RISHEL.



CHINESE BOY.

It is earnestly desired and hoped that whenever Northern Baptists visit Richmond, Raleigh, Columbia, Atlanta, Nashville, Jackson, or Marshall, they will not fail to pay a visit to the great Home Mission schools located in those cities. If they will make themselves known to the presidents of the institutions, they will receive a most cordial welcome.

A Baptist Pastor Testifies.



LL who are living in Utah and question the multiplying of plural wives and polygamous children are "back numbers," and are looking for a Mormon grindstone to grind their business or professional axes on. These children are all around us. The eyes of the writer have beheld them, he is ready to make oath to it as given to him by the mother; can prove it by others, which will involve one of Uncle Sam's officials.

Recently in my church one Sunday evening, young women advocated polygamy, and one said she would be a polygamous wife if she could. A young man said he would yet have as many wives as he could support.

These women set forth the beauties of the system, not only as divine, but most fraternal and happy. One of our members, having always lived in this polygamous land, begged leave to differ, just because her eyes and ears had seen and heard it altogether another way. When legal wives had become maniacs, because of the system, it condemned it.

Before statehood, young men said they were not allowed to discuss polygamy, but now they are open and frank in discussing it as they please. This shows how statehood has strengthened the system, and no doubt will continue to increase, until Congress shall put its mighty foot on this damnable serpent which is crushing the life out of so many women, and making home a hell, as acknowledged by Brigham Young himself in his sermon to the women.

J. C. ANDREWS, Pastor.

Provo, May 4, 1899.

Hartshorn College.

THE school is very full, although we have accommodations for a few more. Our family is larger than at any time during the past three years, numbering seventy-five, the largest number last year being seventy. There are over a hundred enrolled in the entire school.

All the societies are being opened up with interest, and we hope for a prosperous year.

This week Richmond has been a busy place. The launching of the *Shubrick*, a torpedo boat, witnessed by our President, and two days of carnival following, with a gaily decorated city, has given us much of interest.

Mrs. Mary Church Terrell, a beautiful colored woman, of Washington, D. C., and a newly elected member of our board of trustees, visited Richmond this week. She lectured on "The Bright Side," on Monday evening, in the True Reformers' Hall, and Wednesday spent the night here.

ELMA GRACE GOWAN.

Winton, N. C.

OUR work has begun under favorable circumstances. Up to date we have enrolled twenty-eight boarding pupils and forty-five day pupils. The advanced pupils seem especially anxious to study, and we are hoping to have a pleasant and prosperous session.

Mr. Brown has been conducting revival meetings at his

churches during the past three or four weeks. Ninety-seven persons have been added to the churches during these meetings. Many of them are our day pupils. We have one unconverted girl in school now, but we hope to have her give herself to Christ while she is here.

We have held one temperance meeting this session. The young men told of temptations resisted during their vacations. Some report hard struggles in overcoming the tempter, but through God they conquered. The girls told of their efforts to organize temperance bands, and how the Lord blessed them. I thank God for the temperance work. Addie L. Hall is a bright, active, Christian girl, who will appreciate the aid given her, and use her time well.

C. B. PERSON.

Mather School, Beaufort, S. C.

I AM glad to be back in my accustomed place, and there are several encouraging things which point to a prosperous year's work. We are told that business in the town has improved much this summer; there is more money than usual. Though there has been severe drought there have been no cyclones in this section.

We opened school October 9th, and to-day, beginning the second week, we have thirty-six pupils, which is a large number for this section. Usually the children are slow about coming in, for they must help in the harvesting. Last Friday night we had a large meeting for our first one, a number of the young men coming in. We are especially anxious that they should come in, for there are so few Christians among them. An old Christian auntie, who is very unique in her expressions, was with us and led in some stirring spirituals.

We left three girls in the North, one of whom was extremely anxious to come back to school. She plans to work two years there, then to return to finish her school life. She has made her first deposit of nine dollars in the bank, and cannot be induced to ride on the street-cars, for she says she did not go North to spend her money that way. She loves her Bible very much, and carries it everywhere with her. We hear of dire distress in the country; an old man left in a deserted cabin to suffer and die alone, with neither bedding nor clothing, medicine, nor even water. So many old people of this race are not cherished and cared for by their own kin—one of the curses of slavery.

LIZZIE R. KINSMAN.

Coleman Academy, Gibsland, La.

WE have been very busy for five weeks attending the different associations in this part of Louisiana. We would teach until Friday, then we would go from twenty to thirty miles to an association. I think I did much good among the people in establishing our work. I also collected about \$40 for the school. I am still trying to do all I can for my people. We have enrolled one hundred students since our opening. The outlook for the school this year is better than ever.

I had very good health during my stay. I hope you much success.

L. A. BRYANT.

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

CONDUCTED BY
ANNA SARGENT HUNT

Our Girls.

A Chinese Party.



WHENEVER we attend a fine meeting of a literary club, or a social gathering where certain attractive features are introduced which cause every one to think during the afternoon or evening, "How splendidly this was planned!" and to say afterward, "What a lovely time it was!" we wish, oh, so earnestly, that the same zeal and enthusiasm could enter into our preparations for our missionary gatherings.

While we believe our Heavenly Father would have us give freely, and without being wrought upon by too many enticing things, we cannot think He disapproves of our making use of those means which cause the heart to be light and the eye to be pleased, while at the same time the principle of giving is getting more firmly grounded into our very life and being.

An edition of *Woman's World* (January, 1898) contained a suggestive article under the heading we have given, which would give a delightful social evening. From it we take those hints which would be most helpful this month; under our topic, the Chinese, in arranging a Mission Band tea or festival, which may bring in some money to the treasury.

The room is lighted with Chinese lanterns, and decorated with red geraniums and yellow marigolds, with turkey-red hangings. Chinese ginger jars, Chinese shoes, and Chinese baskets are used as receptacles for the flowers with charming effect. Peacock feathers also add to the Chinese completeness of decoration.

The table is covered with a cloth of turkey-red cotton, a most effective background for the green and gold of the dishes of real (or imitation) Canton ware. A quaint Chinese vase may stand in the centre of the table, filled with blossoms of the Chinese sacred lily, no longer a stranger in the United States. The place-cards are long strips of bright yellow paper, each decorated with a black Chinese hieroglyphic, the translation of which runs: "May you

wear yellow, find gold, and be worth 150,000 taels [\$210,000]." These cards may be made by anyone with knack, and of course are prized as souvenirs. Chinese incense is burned, and all can easily fancy they are breathing the air of the Celestial Empire.

There should be a distinct Chinese flavor in the refreshments served, among which may be the various forms of rice, roast pork, excellent tea, preserved ginger, citron, and China nuts. Sugar-cane is a favored delicacy with these strange, interesting people, and, when available, should be cut in short lengths, and be an accompaniment of the candied citron and nuts. Chinese costumes might be worn by the waiters.

Pictures of our American "China-town" strings of cash (ten make one penny), Chinese slippers, dolls, etc., would make an interesting exhibition. Most dry laundries can furnish the lily bulbs in November. The incense, tea, and nuts can also be found there. The article quoted says the Chinese fiddle will make an amusing and at the same time pathetic feature of entertainment. The Chinese party in question was supposed to close when the air was blue with the incense, and as heavy with the scent of the lily as that of a Joss-house (temple), and after a resolution of regret at departing and a motion to adjourn to the United States of America.



A LITTLE Hong Kong lad, in a Chinese Sunday school in San Francisco, was observed to stop during the singing of the evening hymn, and write, "Under thine Almighty wings." Then he asked, in a soft voice, "What it meant." The teacher explained, and he seemed to understand. The next week, after he had repeated the words to his teacher, he was asked

what they meant, and he replied: "I know," and crossing his arms on his breast, added: "Folding very close; take very good care." — *Young Christian Soldier*.

Our Little folks.



CHRISTMAS and Chin Kee, our Chinese Sunday school scholar about whom we wrote to the young people in the ECHOES of December 1896, seem always to be linked together in the mind's eye, for it was at the happy "Klismas"

time that we first knew the young laundryman in whom we have become so deeply interested.

To-day, in his new home, Chin Kee is finding, as in the first days of his real Bible study, that "God is in sky and all where." The picture that has just come to our desk, of the fine-looking young man in citizen's dress, except for the same bright face, looks strangely unlike the one who came, four years ago, in his queerly fashioned shoes, his loose garment with its gay silk lining, and the characteristic hat of the Chinaman.

Connecting himself with Clarendon Street Chinese Sunday School on going to Boston, he won the respect of Superintendent Perkins and his teacher, and wrote to us during the past summer that he hoped soon to be baptized.

As much as for any other bit of mission work which God has permitted us to do for Him, do we thank Him for the privilege of making plain the gospel story to the mind that might long have remained in darkness, and for the joy of seeing the evidences, one by one, that Chin Kee's heart has willingly opened to let the Saviour in.

Program for December Children's Meeting.

Subject — Christmas and the Chinese.

Who is it that smiles through the Christmas morn,
The Light of the wide creation?
A dear little child in a stable born,
Whose love is the world's salvation.

1. Opening Hymn. "Jesus, my Saviour, to Bethlehem came," No. 13, Gospel Hymns No. 5.

2. Christmas verse to be repeated in concert:

O Holy Child of Bethlehem!
Descend to us we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in;
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great, glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel.

—Phillips Brooks.

3. Responsive reading, leader and band, Luke 2: 8-14.

4. Prayer of thanksgiving for God's unspeakable gift to us, and asking that we may have great joy in telling the Christmas story to those who do not know it.

5. Roll-call. Answer with Bible verses about the Good Shepherd.

"I am the Good Shepherd: the Good Shepherd giveth his life for the sheep." "I am the good shepherd, and I know my sheep, and am known of mine." "He shall feed his flock like a shepherd; he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom." "I will both search my sheep and seek them out." "I lay down my life for the sheep." "And other sheep I have which are not of this fold; them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice, and there shall be one fold and one shepherd."

6. Recitation.



The shepherd thinks of the straying,
Far off on the distant hill;
He hears where the lambs are bleating,
And lovingly seeks them still.
A purpose of love is purposed,
As open the fold-gates swing;
"I have other sheep," he whispers,
"Them also I must bring."

Bible verses continued. Psalm 23: 1; Ezek. 34: 12; 1 Peter 5: 4; Psalm 80: John 10: 27, 28, etc.

Ques. What can every one who has obeyed the Shepherd's call, say?

Answer:

The King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack if I am His,
And He is mine forever.
Perverse and foolish oft I strayed;
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.
And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never.
Good Shepherd, may I sing thy praise
Within Thy house forever.

—Exchange.

Ques. What lesson can you learn from the blessed Christmas story?

Answer:

The Christmas Watch.

Do you wish you could keep your watch by night,
Like the shepherds of Bethlehem?
Do you wish you could see a glory-light,
As it shone in the sky for them?
Have you kept your watch in the fields afar,
Where the heathen in darkness dwell?
Have you watched in the East for the rising star
That shall lead to Emmanuel?

Have you seen how the gospel of God's good will
Is spreading through heathen climes?
Have you heard how they call on the Lord until
It is sweet as the angel chimes?
I tell you, the Christmas glory *only*
Is a thousand times more bright
Than the glory that shone so long ago
On the first glad Christmas night.
The earth *shall* be full of the knowledge of God!
It is blessedly drawing near!
And peace on earth, good will to men,
Shall come with the Lord's new year.

—Selected.

Ques. What should we remember at Christmas time?

Ans. That we are celebrating the day when Jesus came to the world to be our Saviour, and, because of God's great gift to us, we should be happier in giving to others than in receiving. Our greatest joy should be in telling those who do not know about Jesus the story of His love.

Ques. How can you do this?

Ans. This is what our Mission Bands are for. There are many people of many nations who have never heard that Jesus came to save them from their sins. As we learn about them, we are anxious to earn and save money to send missionaries and teachers to them.

Ques. About what people do we study this month, and from what country did they come?

Ans. The Chinese, who come from China, which has a population of four hundred and fifty millions. Within the last fifty years not less than three hundred thousand have come to America; but many have returned to China, thousands have died, and there are now about one hundred thousand in our country.

Ques. Is there any reason to hope the Chinese will ever know about the Saviour?

Ans. Ninety-two years ago the first missionary went to China. Three thousand more have gone, and there are as many as one hundred thousand Christians there. Those who are converted in our own country send a great deal of money to support missionaries in China, and they often go back to their native land to preach the gospel.

Ques. What can you tell about the religion of the Chinese?

Ans. They worship idols without number. Odd stones, queerly shaped roots, and fantastic bits of wood are worshipped. Idols are made of mud, wood, stone, and brass, and though some are beautifully carved and gilded, they are hideous to look upon.

Ques. What forms do they go through in their worship?

Ans. A missionary has told us that "the people push and jostle each other, and almost fight for a place on the cushions where they are to kneel. They bring with them small sticks of incense for which they have paid a few copper coins. They light the incense, then go to each idol in turn, bow, and shake the smoke at it. Then they get down on their knees, and bow and bow, striking their heads on the floor each time. They think this pleases the idol."

Ques. How do you know idol worship is carried on in the United States?

Ans. Because those who know tell us, in some of our largest cities there are Joss houses or temples, where there are many idols, and they are also to be found in many homes, where offerings of fruits and candies, nuts and flowers are placed before them. We could even see the bound feet, of which we have read, if we visited some of the homes.

Ques. What are some of the peculiar customs of the Chinese?

Answer:

Why, teacher, they say, "How old are you?"
When they mean "How do you do?"
And they whiten their shoes with the greatest care,
And men wear down their backs long braids of hair.
Their visiting cards are all painted red,
And are four feet long, so some one said.
Their dresses for mourning are all in white;
At funerals they feast to their heart's delight.
They shake their own hands when a friend they meet,
And bugs and snails are the things they eat.
Their houses they build from the roof to the ground,
And turn their screws the wrong way 'round.
They shave their eyebrows to aid their sight,
And have their fireworks in broad daylight.
Their compass needle points south, they say,
And the boys look on while the old men play.
But of Christ, our Lord, they have never heard,
And, teacher, I want to send them word.

—Life and Light.

The leader should now tell the children about our missions in Boston, New York, Sacramento, San Francisco, and other places. Interesting descriptions can be found in the present issue, and in back numbers of HOME MISSION ECHOES.

7. Reports.

8. Singing, first and fourth verses of "I gave my life for thee," No. 184, Gospel Hymns No. 5.

9. Recitation before taking collection:

BY A LITTLE BOY.

Hark, the pennies dropping,
As we march and sing!
Some of us have earned them
Working for our King.
Running little errands,
Working cheerfully;
Giving self for others,
Blessed charity.

—Children's Song.

BY A LITTLE GIRL.

Now, our Heavenly Father,
These our offerings take;
Bless the gift and givers,
All for Jesus' sake.
Thus we'll spread the story,
"Jesus died for me."
Unto him the glory
Evermore shall be.

—Thanksgiving.

10. Singing, "Saviour, like a shepherd lead."

11. The Lord's Prayer.
Adjournment.

The American Baptist Home Mission Society.

Receipts from New England for October, 1899.

Maine.....	\$76.09	Rhode Island.....	\$214.25
New Hampshire.....	100.46	Connecticut.....	297.07
Vermont.....	19.25		
Massachusetts.....	771.11	Total for New England.	\$2,460.13

Contributions from individuals, churches, etc. in New England, for the American Baptist Home Mission Society, also in New England, for F. T. Haslewood, D. D., District Secretary, Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass.

The Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society.

For the General Work.

Receipts for October, 1899.

Maine, \$126.24. East Brunswick, \$5.00; Bangor, 1st, \$12.50; Kennebec Village, \$4.25; Cambridge, \$2.00; Freeport, \$2.00; Charlestown, Free Temple Mission Band, \$17.05; State Convention, \$18; Nobleboro, 2d, \$4.00; Lewiston, Bates Street Band, \$4.44; Eastport, Washington, \$1.40; Gardiner, 1st, \$10.00; Kennebec Church, \$2.00; Buxton Centre, (for French missions), \$1.00; Rockland, 1st, for seats in school at Velarde, N. M., \$1.10; Lamotte, 1st, \$2.50; South Paris, \$2.50; Hallowell, \$2.00; Bryant's Pond, "Willing Workers," \$4.50.

New Hampshire, \$53.16. Keeter, 1st, \$15.00; Claremont, \$4.11; Hanover, 1st, \$5.00; Deerfield, \$4.00; Laconia, \$2.00; Keene, \$17.00; Newport, \$3.55; Warner, \$5.00; Nashua, 1st, \$10.00; Manchester, 1st, \$27.95.

Vermont, \$29.75. Burlington, 1st, \$9.50; Stamford, \$5.00; Burlington, toward support of two girls in Spelman Seminary, \$25.00; Windham County Association, \$1.44; Lamotte Association, a Friend, \$6.20; State Convention, \$6.36; Brookline, \$8.00; Essex Junction, 1st, \$5.00; Ludlow, \$5.25.

Massachusetts, \$2,082.23. Ashland, \$6.50; Bridgewater, 1st Church, \$2.00; Haverhill, 1st, \$50.00; Waltham, 1st, Mrs. Charles True, \$1.56; Boston, Tremont Temple, \$2.00; Worcester, Dewey Street, \$1.00; Marlboro, 1st, \$25.00; Whitman, 1st, \$20.00; Roxbury, Bethany (for French missions), \$2.80; \$17.04; Canton Church, \$7.50; Waltham, 1st, \$4.20; Newton, Immanuel, \$22.13; Malden, 1st, Kindergarten, \$5.00; Sutton, 1st, \$4.00; North Billerica, \$2.00; Beckett, \$16.00; North Tewksbury, \$15.00; Cambridge, Broadway, \$4.26; Hudson, \$1.96; Raynham, \$5.50; Hyde Park, F. L., \$8.00; Amherst, \$8.00; Chicopee, Central, \$1.50; Springfield, State Street, \$25.00; Holyoke, 2nd, \$25.00; Northboro, \$14.00; Boston, Ruggles Street, \$15.51; Worcester, 1st, \$22.00; Braintree, \$2.75; Merrimac, \$12.51; Pittsfield Church, \$9.00; Marblehead, \$1.83; Lowell, four Precious Jewels, \$4.40; Lynn, Washington Street, \$7.21; Westminster, (for work in Utah), \$1.00; \$2.75; Dighton, F. L., \$4.50; Dighton, Primary Department, for work among the Indians, \$2.00; Westfield, \$3.01; Taunton, Winthrop Street, \$5.00; New Bedford, 1st, \$6.50; South Framingham, Park Street, \$20.00; Worcester, Lincoln Square, \$18.00; Merrimac River Association, \$7.50; Boston, 1st, \$20.00; Natick, \$22.67; Boston, North Association, \$10.01; Boston, East Association, \$10.00; Reading, \$1.85; Roxbury, Bethany Church, for beneficiaries at Beaufort, S. C., \$25.00; Cambridge, Dr. Wm. Howe, for beneficiary at Beaufort, S. C., \$10.00; Cambridge, Mrs. Russ, for beneficiary at Beaufort, S. C., \$10.00; Somerville, 1st, S. B. class of Harriet B. Vose, \$4.00; Charlestown, 1st, gift of Mrs. Abby H. Edmunds, \$1.12; Brockton, North, \$4.00; Sterling, \$2.00; Newton, Mrs. Ellen A. Harvard, \$10.00; Newton, Immanuel, \$15.00; Waverly B. V. P. U. C. E., \$2.16; Dorchester, Stoughton Street Workers Together Society, \$10.00; Worcester, Pleasant Street, \$25.00.

Rhode Island, \$164.59. Providence, 1st, \$15.81; Providence, Broadway, Mrs. W. L. Clarke, a Thank-offering, \$10.00; Tiverton, Central Church, to furnish two rooms in girls' dormitory at Waters Institute, Winton, N. C., \$16.00; Pawtucket, James L. Jenks, for work at Velarde, N. M., \$10.00; Jamestown, R. C., \$25.00; Providence, Cranston Street, \$13.11; Hope Valley, J. S. C. E., \$5.00; Narragansett Association, \$1.00; Providence, Mt. Pleasant, \$6.00; Newport Auxiliary, \$20.00.

Connecticut, \$213.87. New London, Huntington Street, \$7.00; New London, Huntington Street, F. L., \$2.00; New Haven, Mrs. Whitmore, \$2.00; Hadham, \$5.00; Branford, J. S. C. E., \$5.00; Waterford, 1st, \$10.00; Hartford, South, \$5.00; Meriden, 1st, \$2.35; Hartford, 1st, \$10.00; South Norwalk, \$17.50; Danielson, \$20.51; Connecticut Branch of W. A. B. M. S., \$7.00; Bridgeport, East Washington Avenue, \$11.00; Montville, \$4.01; Rowayton, \$3.75; New London, 1st, V. P. U. C. E., \$3.26; New London, 1st, F. L., \$11.71; Essex, \$4.40; Lebanon, \$3.00.

Miscellaneous, \$129.15. Pennsylvania, Northumberland, \$2.60; Indian Territory, Bacoine, Miss Minnie Pratt, \$20.00. New York, Syracuse, Greenport Mission S. S. for Porto Rico, \$2.58. Literature, \$18.98. Interest on Flint Fund, \$125.00.

Total, \$2,899.00.

Alaska.

Receipts for October, 1899.

Maine, \$53.99. Jewland, S. S., \$2.00; Warren, S. S., \$3.00; North Alfred, S. S., \$1.00; Deater, S. S., \$1.00; B. B. Hewitt, \$1.00; Yarmouth, S. S., \$12.50; Kennebecport Village S. S., \$10.00; Buxton Centre, \$5.00. New Hampshire, \$3.00. Keene, \$3.00.

Vermont, \$14.72. Ludlow, S. S., \$5.00; Ludlow, S. S. Class of Mrs. E. J. Stimpson, \$1.63; Cavendish, Primary Class, \$2.34; West Rutland, Band, \$2.00; Andover, Primary Class, \$6.00; Poultney, Junior Class of S. S., \$2.25.

Massachusetts, \$78.29. Cheshire, S. S., \$5.00; a gift, \$6.30; North Billerica, \$2.00; Springfield, State Street, Primary Class, \$8.80; Braintree, S. S., \$2.00; Boston, William M. Breed, \$1.00; North Billerica, J. S. C. E., \$2.55; North Bellingham, Mr. F. J. Bemis, \$1.00; Charlestown, 1st, Y. P. S. C. E., toward lights in Alaska Church, \$5.00; Winchester, 1st, Band, \$7.00; Boston, Clarendon Street, Y. P. S. C. E., \$50.00. Connecticut, \$54.95. Waterford, 1st, J. S. C. E., \$2.00; Cromwell, S. S., \$6.16; Hartford, 1st, Primary Department, \$2.00; Stamford, Band toward support of child at Orphanage, \$30.00; Ivoryton, \$12.79.

Total, \$183.65.

GERTRUDE L. DAVIS, Treasurer.

Life Members.

New Hampshire, Milford, Mrs. George Edgar Hartshorn. Massachusetts, Hanover, Mrs. Lavinia S. Ford; Wintthrop, Mrs. J. T. Whitman; East Somerville, Mrs. J. E. Lovelace. Rhode Island, Providence, Mrs. Maria L. Smith; Point Judith, Mrs. Charles W. Hall; Jamestown, Miss Annie E. Barber. Connecticut, New London, Elizabeth T. Kimberly.

Precious Jewels.

Massachusetts, Manchester, Robert Davis Baker; Milford, Harold Alton Rogers; Springfield, Pauline Carmichael; Clifford Christopher, Esther Holbrook, Rachel Holbrook, Laura Gray Sherwood; Manchester-by-the-Sea, Roland Ray McNeil, Donald Stuart Crafts; Medfield, Arias Harley Blood, Ruth Evelyn Morse. Rhode Island, Pawtucket, Luella Tillinghast Straight.

Our Schools and Teachers.

Spelman Seminary, Atlanta, Ga. Miss H. E. Giles, Miss L. H. Upson, Mrs. E. M. Barrett, Miss C. M. Grover, Miss M. H. Parsons, Miss M. J. Packard, Miss M. B. Peckham, Miss C. H. Denlow, Miss Susan Harsh, Miss Eugene Shapleigh, Miss A. L. Battis, Miss E. W. Vagg, Miss C. B. Williams, Miss S. E. Nesbit, Miss Ada Jackson, Mrs. Emma De La Motte.

Mather School, Beaufort, S. C. Mrs. R. C. Mather, Miss S. E. Owen, Miss Lizzie Kinsman, Miss R. M. Tiffany.

Hartshorn Memorial College, Richmond, Va. Miss Fennette Jewett, Mrs. A. M. Coleman, Miss Belle J. Clark, Miss Eliza G. Cowan, Mrs. R. E. Jones.

Arkansas Baptist College, Little Rock, Ark. Miss Lillie L. Gibbs.

Jackson College, Jackson, Miss. Mrs. L. G. Barrett. Waters Normal Institute, Winston, N. C. Miss Cora B. Person, Miss Lizzie Edmondson.

Coleman Academy, Gibland, Miss. Miss L. A. Bryant, Miss Alice Wilson.

Indian University, Bacone, I. T. Miss Minnie Pratt.

Atoka Baptist Academy, Atoka, I. T. Miss Mary Horney, Miss Lula W. Tanner.

Wichita Baptist Mission, Anadarko, O. T. Rev. D. Noble Crane. Provo Academy, Provo, Utah. Miss Maud Bowman, Miss Pauline Extrum.

Fresno, California. Miss S. E. Stein.

Butte, Montana. Mrs. J. Whittemore.

Sacramento, California. Miss Eliza Willis.

Montemorelos, Mexico. Miss Zola Ramirez.

Bernthal School, Monterey, Mexico. Miss Orella Rocha.

Miss Bertha A. Westrup, Miss Maria Westrup.

Echo Mission, Velarde, New Mexico. Rev. W. H. Rishel, Mrs. W. H. Rishel.

Ponce, Porto Rico. Mrs. Janie Pritchard Duggan.

Bible Woman for New England. Miss Leah Ferron.

Kadiak Baptist Orphanage, Wood Island, Alaska. Rev. Curtis P. Coe, Mrs. C. P. Coe, Miss Hattie I. Deniston, Mrs. M. G. Campbell.

Take Notice.

DURING the last few months petitions in favor of the expulsion of B. H. Roberts, from the 56th Congress of the United States, have been sent for use in the various Congressional Districts of our New England States. Will the holders of these petitions please forward them immediately to their Congressional elect, that he may be in no doubt as to the sentiment of his constituency?

THERE are about 200,000 Mormons in Utah and the contiguous States and Territories. The number is being constantly increased by immigration from all parts of our own land and many foreign countries. There are about 2,000 missionaries in active service.

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